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ski's execution is characterized by that pure classic style for which Vieuxtemps is so famous. In imitation of his great master he never resorts to clap trap, and his interpretations are ever artistically conscientious expressions of the spirit of the composer.

"Before enjoying the pleasure of seeing or hearing Madame Varian Hoffman, we had just cause for being prepossessed in her favor, for not only had she been heralded by her reputation as a cantatrice of extraordinary powers, but we had learned that she was a lady of the highest respectability, who had been most cordially received at private soirees in the first circles of society of Charleston.

"Madame Hoffman is exceedingly handsome, with a form full, round and *embonpoint*, an expressive countenance, and a most bewitchingly sweet smile. As a cantatrice, she has but few equals in this country. Her voice is powerful, clear and sweet, and her powers of vocalization are such as mark her a prima donna of the first abilities. 'Thou art so near and yet so far,' was a gem of a song interpreted by a gem of a songstress, whilst 'Il Bacio' was received with the rapturous applause it merited.

"The new scale Chickering Grand Piano on which Mr. Poznanski performs is a magnificent instrument, and we were lost in admiration of the beauty of its tone. We are aware that there is a great rivalry and a marked difference of opinion as to the relative merits of the Chickering Grands and the Steinway, and whilst we do not claim to possess any extraordinary degree of judgment in the matter, we cannot but admit that last night, as we sat enraptured by the grand volume of sound issued from a Chickering like thunders of music produced by the electric touch of a master hand, we were inclined to side with Thalberg, Gotschalk, Wehli and other masters, including Mr. Poznanski himself, who endorse its superiority.

CATHEDRALS IN ENGLAND.—Dr. Henry Stephen Cutler will give a Descriptive Lecture on the Cathedrals of England, with full choral illustrations, sustained by one hundred voices, boys and men, at Irving Hall on the evenings of Tuesday and Thursday, May 15th and 17th. This will be an occasion of great interest, the full particulars of which we shall give in our next issue.

PORTRAITS OF GEN. GRANT AND GEN. SCOTT.—The faithful and beautiful portraits of the Lieutenant Generals Scott and Grant, by Constant Mayer, are still attracting crowds of admirers to Gurney's Photograph Gallery, where they are on free exhibition. Some people, endeavoring to account for the perfection of the likenesses, assert that they are colored photographs. This assertion is utterly false. They are hand drawn portraits, and masterly in their drawing, with which photography had nothing to do, further than to assist the artist in the absence of the sitter. No photograph could give the character and expression which make Mr. Mayer's portraits living counterfeits of nature.

Gurney's photographs of the Lieutenant Generals are the finest specimens of that class of art, and elicited from Lieut. Gen. Grant the following complimentary letter:

(Copy.)

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.

Messrs. Gurney & Son:

DEAR SIR: I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of a large Photograph of myself, taken at your Art Gallery in New York city. It is pronounced one of the best yet taken, by acquaintances who can judge better of such matters than I can.

Please accept my thanks for your kindness in thinking of sending me, not only one of them, but also a similar picture of Lt. Gen. Winfield Scott.

Very respectfully, your obt. servt.

U. S. GRANT, Lt. Gen. U. S. A.

RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO.*

(Continued from No. 1.)

The next letter is directed to Count Castiglione. In it he expresses himself concerning the Ideal. He defines it in the simplest manner. He does not assert,—as they do, in whom the anticipations of the creative spirit are lacking,—that the Ideal is something universal, abstract, evanescent, which by the removal of individual characteristics, rises ghost-like from objects, but that it is a newly created and definite form of that substantial Life which wells up everywhere—Nature,—a Life, however, which only reveals itself to him who has received the gift of discerning it, each in his own peculiar manner. This Raphael explains as the Ideal, and he does so in such simple words that we feel he is giving expression to thoughts that are to him of a common and every-day character.

"I should account myself a great master," he writes, "were there but half the great things in 'The Galatian Woman,' of which your Lordship speaks; I recognize, however, in your words the love which you cherish toward me. As for the rest, I confess, that in order to paint the form of a beautiful woman, I must see many of them, and under the condition, if I would select the most beautiful of all, that your Lordship stand by my side. Since now a correct judgment is even of as infrequent occurrence, as are beautiful women, therefore I bring to my help a certain idea, which exists in my mind. Whether this idea possesses any artistic excellence I do not know, but yet I give myself much pains to attain it, and herewith I commend me to your Lordship."

The Count Baldassare Castiglione was one of the most brilliant and celebrated men of his time, distinguished by intellect and fine taste. This letter is dated the same year in which Raphael was finally named by the Pope as the architect-in-chief of the building of St. Peter, with an annual salary of three hundred gold scudi. Raphael received the building in a miserable condition; he changed it from the foundation up, abolishing altogether the plan of Bramante, to which, however, in later years, Michael Angelo again returned.

At the same time with the appointment of Raphael, a brief of the Pope appeared, by which he warns the people of Rome that no one use a stone at all suitable in the building of St. Peter, until Raphael shall have given his consent. By this he was placed in a position to control the excavations and to save many monuments of ancient art; then was the time, when the greater part of the noble statues of antiquity which are now admired in museums, were here and there unearthed.

After four years the artist laid before his master his report of his doings as Conservator of the city of Rome, and this document may be regarded as a model for all reports of a similar character. It begins by recognizing the superiority of the ancient Romans (of Greek art nothing was yet known) to whom many things seemed easy which we reckon as impossibilities. He relates how, in view of this, he has searched the city through and through, and has studied the old authors, and how it filled him with the greatest pain to see the corpse of the noble city of his fathers, once the queen of the world, so pitifully rent.

He speaks next of those who participated in the work of destruction, and does not conceal that the Popes themselves owed their lordly palaces to

this ruin; but adds, that now Leo X. has been called to amend all this.

He then describes what plan he has drawn up of old Rome, and what one he has designed for new Rome; he passes judgment first upon particular buildings, then in general upon the architecture of the ancient Romans, and subsequent changes down to his own time; and he concludes with an exposition of the technical geometric aids which must be employed.

The whole letter is subdivided in the clearest manner into its several parts, and contains after the development of the practical standpoint expressions of the noblest enthusiasm for the art of the ancient Romans. The reader spontaneously places himself by the side of Raphael and follows him from line to line, as though these things were the most pressing affairs of the day, and centuries had not since sped by. He feels with what freshness the artist took everything in hand, and how easy the things were to him which he undertook. While such a charge lay aside from the occupations to which he surrendered himself, while even the supervision of the erection of the immense church was of less importance to him than the pictures, of which one followed after another, and each was a new and unexpected revelation of his soul, he yet had time for his friends and the women whom he loved; he did not seek solitude, like Michael Angelo, he opened wide his arms and drew the world, which he loved, to his heart. And all this strength united with what youthful beauty! When he died, there was no artist in Rome who did not weeping follow his bier, and the Pope himself, when he received the news of his death, broke out in bitter tears.

O felice e beata anima, exclaims Vasari, after he had described with what dignity and magnificent ceremonial his obsequies were attended, who does not willingly speak of thee, in order to praise thee and thy works? The painter's art, when such an artist died, might well have laid itself in the grave, for it remained blind upon earth when he closed his eyes. We, who live after him, imitate the excellent example which he has left us, and, as his art deserves and our duty is, we shall ever speak of him with thousand-fold respect. For he brought art,—color, composition,—to perfection; no one could long, no one could hope, however far he should go, to reach a higher point than he.

While Vasari so writes, he seems, for the moment, to have quite forgotten Michael Angelo. He always ranks the latter as the greater master, and thus thought many of his contemporaries, who classed Raphael under him. But it is as if his reflections on the death of this wonderful spirit had dispelled all recollection of Michael Angelo, who, working on for many years after Raphael's disappearance, alone and without a rival, deferred by his powerful works that decadence of art which ensued immediately after him. Michael Angelo was in Florence when Raphael died. The report goes, based more upon intimations than upon direct expressions, that the two men were opposed to each other. The one did not need the other—they sought to out-rival and out-rank each other. This is as much according to nature as we find it, when we read in old poems that two heroes who met, fought together until it was apparent who could conquer the other. But when two eagles fly emulously toward the sun, they are not, therefore, enemies, and the feeling between them is not the envy which separates smaller natures from one another. They feel their strength, and each wishes to be the first; modest reserve would be

*From the German of HERMANN GRIMM.

unendurable. Both placed the art of the ancients far above their own; as Goethe set Shakspeare heaven-high above himself, while he suffered no one among the living to dispute rank with him. This it is, which separated Schiller and Goethe for so many years from another, and gave to their correspondence that infrequent interchange which they, who must apply a name, call coldness. Each one recognized the greatness of the other, neither descended from his own height. Yet not for a moment should one accept as the measure of their disposition toward each other, the strife of their dependants, and the hate with which the latter pursued each other. Parties always hate, as whole peoples do, while their lords and masters with calm consideration defend their several standpoints. Then, men like Raphael and Michael Angelo stand opposite each other—there is no need of the transmission of particular incidents and expressions. Both were esteemed, their art was discussed, people represented to themselves what Rome once was,—the center of the political world and of the beautiful arts; they named Popes, such as Julius and Leo, and their reciprocal relations naturally rose to mind; a poetic plot was constructed, as the scenes of a drama arrange themselves in the imagination, so soon as the personages, grand in type and free from the pettiness of a narrow relationship, meet in full strength. The enmity of ordinary art, the fruit of misunderstanding arising from intellectual narrowness, or because the eyes are intentionally covered with the hands, and, over and above this, because there is a feeling of weakness on both sides, could find no room between them. Michael Angelo may have said, Raphael possesses nothing through his genius, all through labor. Did he thereby seek to lower the latter, Michael Angelo, who well knew what significance the word labor had! According to my feeling this expression is an award of so great praise, that I know not how he would have more aptly put it, in order to say plainly, that he understood, admired and honored his youthful fellow-worker.

THE THREE AGES.

Childhood is immersed in nature; it is conscious of no lack of harmony, of no dissonance between itself and the object of its consciousness. It lies therefore in the eternal unity. All its action is spontaneous and free. The smile of God, yet hovers on its lips.

In the life of our race there may, perhaps, have been an epoch, of which history gives no account, corresponding to this stage of individual life. At least in the early condition of those races of which we have record, this primeval spontaneity, this oneness of thought and action, frequently appears. It is for this reason that Homer pleases still. In the fresh, gushing life of his heroes, we for the moment live over again our happy, unthinking childhood. A divine joy wakes up again in the heart.

The passage from childhood to youth is an apparent fall. We seem to have departed from ourselves. The light of God withdraws from our soul and becomes known to us as a distant heaven. We recognize now the night—we know good and evil. We behold for the first time before us the world, that is, something apart from and out of us. With a cry of pain, as of a child torn from its mother's breast, we begin to ponder, to question, to put to ourselves the Where and the What, the Whence and the Whither. Alas! confusion has entered. Dissonance is revealed. There

springs up in the thought, heaven and earth, God and man, body and soul; and between these opposites there seems to arise eternal war. There is no longer innocence; passion and crime reign. The glory departs from the earth; we adore the past, feigning to ourselves that then the Gods came down and dwelt with man. Such is the youth of the individual and of the race.

But this transition, which in after life, takes the appearance of a fall is really an advance. This is true as well with the individual as with race. Each soul is passing on without halt or retreat to infinite perfections. The planets do not pause or turn in their course, though to the eye of sense, they describe vagrant curves through the skies. But even in appearance, youth has its gain. Childhood is innocent, but it is the innocence of ignorance; it dwells in the unity of the Godhead, but knows not its glorious privilege. Youth departs from this unity, but only because it begins to recognize the Divine in its own consciousness, though by the very act of such recognition, it throws it out, as it were, from itself, and beholds it in the external. Hence that season of life is as a new birth. Then for the first time does the genius of the universe descend upon the boy, as a Pentecostan flame. It thrills him, fires him. Then first the heavens open for him, and he beholds the glory of God. The splendor of sun and star, the vigor and freshness of the morning, the sadness of eve, the gloom of the forest, the poetry of the falling leaf, the peaceful sunshine of the hillside, all flow from his soul and appear to him. Who does not remember the advent of this glorious time, when, walking forth into the fields, in early summer, nature seemed to sparkle, live and assail him from all sides with beauty and magnificence. When meadow, grove and stream, the earth and every common sight to him did seem

"Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

But this peculiar recognition of beauty is a departure from the primitive unity, it is accompanied with a sense of dissonance from the object of its adoration. Youth affects the sunset, and from one point of view is itself surrounded with the glories of the setting rather than the rising sun; it sees the glory fade along the hill-tops, as it descends into the valley of life. Thereafter its allotted period is truly a night—a night of passion and crime, of fear and remorse, of thought and science, of aspiration and tearful communing with the stars.

This second age of mankind may, like the youth of the individual, be divided into three epochs, the two latter of which are very distinctly marked by the finger of history.

The first epoch may be called the Enthusiastic—(God-within.) Then the pure, undivided and unseen light of childhood still lingers around the boy, for "trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home." The light yet remains almost whole and intact. The world is hardly yet seen apart from its consciousness. The vision and the thought of the vision yet mingle. The earth is not a dull mass; the warm child-life rups through in every direction, and makes it palpitate and glow. It is an epoch of incommunicable joy.

The second epoch may be called the Romantic. The pure light, transmitted through the reflective mind, divides itself and is scattered over the earth, in multitudinous rainbow hues. The world is no longer seen as a whole, but in parts. Self is not fused with nature, but mingles with it. This is

the age of eagerness, ambition, strife and pursuit, of knight-errantry, of kings and pageantry, of legends and haunted halls, of young love and minstrelsy. A gay and gallant time. Then the lovely and the excellent are seen afar off; they are pursued in the distance, over the hills. Adoration is not now silent and incommunicable; it is attended with gorgeous rite and ceremony. Everywhere is show. Lords and ladies in pomp and circumstance, mimic the gay procession of nature, and would fair assume her gorgeous dyes. How the heart of an after age warms as it renews to itself the varied emotions of that mottled time! How the imagination yet lingers with a melancholy pleasure by those "shores of old romance!" But all was not the gay abandonment of pleasure. For with the departure from the primitive unity and the entrance upon the multitudinous world, came necessarily the consciousness of dissonance, of opposition. Amid all the adventure and the pursuit, there is something that flees the grasp—it ever haunts the distant mountain-tops. A mood of thought is induced. The original harmony shall be attained. The question is put, What is Truth, but not sorrowfully yet—the faith of youth is strong. With the same eagerness it sets out upon this new quest as upon some knightly-adventure. The golden fleece is in the heaven of imagination and thought. Soon gods and myths, religions and philosophies, are evolved, that take the heaven and the earth and the soul in their compass and unite them in a wonderful and weird manner. Of such varied hue is the second epoch of youth.

The third may be called the industrial. It is marked by a still nearer approach to the finite. The novelty of earth's grandeurs have faded. The pursuit of the good and the beautiful in the far-off has proved unavailing—they ever flee the touch. The weary wanderer returns to his home, the illusion is vanished. But the question, What is Truth, presses upon him still more heavily with its weight of mystery. Disappointed in the far-off pursuit, he begins now with the near-by. He calmly puts in order the facts interior and exterior that come to his knowledge, and commences to perceive that what he sought so eagerly in the distance lies around him amid the charities of home—that the infinite beauty resides as well in the minute as in the grand, that the heavens are first of all spiritual states. He now fosters the hope that by submitting—submitting to nature and the soul and following in their ways, he may some day be freed from "the weary weight of all this unintelligible world." He has thus learned the final lesson of youth—submission. The eagerness, the fret, and the conceit subdued, he is prepared by the discipline of nature for

"That serene and blessed mood, when
We are laid asleep

In body, and become a living soul,
While with an eye made quiet with the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the heart of things."

Mankind is still, it is evident in the period of youth. There is still in its consciousness the sense of dissonance, still the recognition of the world as something apart from and out of the Self, still the vain looking back to the past; the opposites of heaven and earth, God and man, soul and body, are still to it absolute realities.

To youth itself, as we have seen, at least in its earlier phases, its own state necessarily appears as that of a fall from some superior condition. But is youth a fall? Has mankind in reality retrograded? Such is the seeming. From the